

Now look out for parodies of Kipling's parodies.

What kind of taste did that man have who first pronounced snow beautiful?

Has Andrew Carnegie noticed that none of the bulletins are dated at The Hague?

The man whose 100 hens laid 1024 eggs in January evidently has them under good control.

Still, it is the contents of the Bible more than its literary form that attract and hold men.

Meanwhile Korea may resign itself to pleasant reveries as to which power is to conduct the autopsy.

It was an odd freak of fortune that a coal yard should first check the progress of the flames in Baltimore.

A lot of girls who curl hair for cushions have struck, which is calculated to curl the hair of their employers.

Now that Eve's grave has been located her descendants can do no less than chip in and buy her a suitable monument.

Taking advantage of the confusion, the Sultan of Turkey is showing symptoms of an intention to get busy in Macedonia again.

Would automobiling be robbed of half its pleasure if the man who is trying to extract the odor from gasoline should succeed?

Most men do not have to sit up nights worrying over the question whether or not they should retire on their wealth at 60.

Womanlike, Mrs. Langtry kept her nerve while her derelict car was bumping along over the ties, and then fainted when the danger was all over.

The device used to time these two-mile-a-minute automobile races is called the Mors instrument. Mors is the word from which mortality is derived.

A medical writer declares that no one should work between meals. But, speaking for ourselves, if we didn't there wouldn't be any "between meals."

Perhaps Pierpont the Great plans to change his residence merely in the hope of finding another world to conquer. John Bull ought to be warned in time.

A Chicago woman's club recently held a heated debate on "The Three Essentials of a Home." Money or credit are two, and the third is pure luck, anyhow.

The "limousine" is described as a cross between an automobile and a sleeping car. There must be something doing when a limousine goes into a muck pond.

A Chicago man, owing \$15 for taxes and nothing else, has filed a bankruptcy petition at a cost of \$35. He must have conscientious scruples against paying taxes.

The czar of Russia can at least count upon having all the newspapers of his country with him on almost any subject. 'Tis easier to agree with him than to suspend publication.

It is good news from Italy, both that Mrs. Clemens is getting better, and that Mr. Clemens is working hard. Hard work by Mark Train means a lot of pleasure for other people.

The liquid sunshine banquet is described as having a little fun with science. As the late Martin Luther remarked, there is no reason why the devil should be allowed to monopolize all the lively tunes.

Count Zeppelin has begun the construction of a new airship at Berlin. His call for financial assistance brought subscriptions amounting to \$112,500.—Hartford Times.

It pays to advertise.

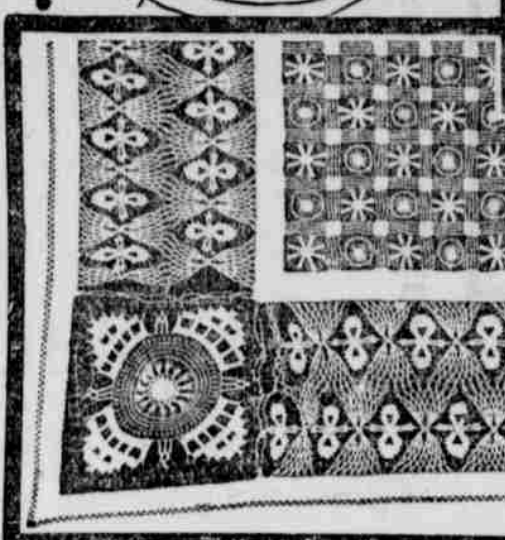
When it becomes established that radium will cure cancer it will then appear that about the only disease in the treatment of which medical science has made no progress since the Pharaohs is baldness.

It appears that the Boer war was the result of a bluff on the part of the British government. This being the case, the British government may be pardoned for practically having gone out of the bluffing business.

That the red petticoat has not altogether gone out of fashion is practically and poetically proved by the fact that four young women who were in danger of freezing to death flagged a train with one, two miles from Geneseo, N. Y.

Some people are born mean. A Springfield (Mass.) cigar manufacturer has decreed that hereafter his employees shall not use his tobacco to make cigars for themselves. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

# WOMEN'S WONDERFUL WORK



"What is there of interest at Aguas Calientes?" the Capitalist asked languidly, as the train sped through a country of mesquite and desolation.

The Girl shot a glance at the Strenuous Tourist. "There's the smelter at Aguas—the largest lead and copper smelter in Mexico and there are the famous hot springs. And then there's the drawn work made on linen. Aguas is the center of this industry. The nuns of Spain first brought over the art and taught it in their convents and it's now a part of the curriculum in the national schools. The small Mexican girls learn to make drawn work just as surely as they learn that north of the Rio Grande lies Los Estados Unidos. Drawn work is made everywhere, but Aguas is the center of the industry and the best is made there, so the Mother and I are going to have a perfect orgy of shopping. We want to buy all sorts of lovely lacey things and then besides we are anxious to try the baths—such lovely baths of tepid water."

"Are you quite sure there is a smelter?" the Strenuous one asked. He had never before found the Girl so nimbly handling out information, and it roused some suspicion in his mind.

"Ask the conductor," the Girl replied. And sure enough, that official declared that he could show them the chimneys and smoke of the smelter as the train approached Aguas from the north.

It was evening when they alighted at the Hotel Washington, so named as a delicate bait for the patriotism of the Great American Tourist.

To enter the Washington at night is like stepping into a small corner of paradise. Around the outer patio is a corridor whose white columns are half drowned in the purple luxury of the Mexican clematis. The patio itself is carpeted with vivid grass, with here and there a splash of geraniums that are like heaps of rubies thrown on green velvet. Statues gleam pale in the light of an arc lamp hung high in the center as a substitute for a sometime unobtrusive moon and above is a glimpse of dusky sky set with the brilliant stars of the south. It's like a glimpse of Fairyland.

However, if one goes to bed in Fairyland the breakfast next morning is warranted to bring one back to earth with a sudden jolt. The coffee that is served at the Washington is guaranteed to speedily kill any germs of poetry that may have grown over night.

After that meal the Girl bore down on the Capitalist just in time to prevent him from buying an infant's cap made of lace wheels. She also freed the Strenuous Tourist from the clutches of an ancient woman who was beguiling him into the purchase of tray cloth. The Girl shouted: "Fuera—fuera—!" and the vendors smiled and melted into the shadows of the corridor, not at all angry at being separated from their prey.

"Now, let us go to the smelter and then to the hot baths," the Tourist said, after his rescue.

"No, we must look at drawn work and buy some first," the Girl said, as they filed out into the hot sunlight and turned toward the main plaza. Here they found shops where the Mother and the Girl bought the two lunch cloths shown in the illustrations. Then plotted them up a quiet side street to the house of a woman who took apprentices in the art of drawn work and the making of lace wheels and who also had a school in summer for infant learners.

The Señora herself answered their knock on her heavy outer door that opened on a gloomy stone paved patio. She led the way to a large, bare room at the front of the house, with three barred windows, giving on the street. Here in the cool glow of the whitewashed chamber were gathered the regular workers in drawn work, and the small girls who came there for summer instruction in the art of pulling and weaving threads in fanciful patterns. In the middle of the room, seated about a large frame, like an old-fashioned quilt frame on legs, sat half a dozen apprentices, all working on a large cloth stretched taut. In a small low chair near by sat tiny

Manuela, her clumsy little fingers drawing threads from a coarse bit of cotton. She was the least scholar and was just learning to pull threads and to hem stitch—the very first stage of the art. Close to her were Paz and Guadalupe, both setting round lace wheels into the center of a lunch cloth with many fine stitches. Juana, with a strong Indian profile and the hands and feet of a lost princess, was the most proficient of the older girls. She was engaged in making the "redas" or lace wheels that set together with various stitches, make the most beautiful specimens of the Mexican handicraft. She worked so rapidly that her hand was like a brown bird hovering over her work. She held in her left hand a little circle of tin about the size of a napkin ring. About the upper edge of this ring was a series of points turned outward like hooks. Over these she looped thread until she had made a wheel with spokes radiating from the center to every one of the hooks. Then in and out, over and under, these spokes of thread she wove with her needle a design of vine leaves. She finished the wheel by putting a double rim near the outer edge to hold the spokes together, just as an iron tire holds a wagon wheel together. This done she slipped the loops of thread from off the hooks and in her dusky hand lay a wheel of lace that looked as if it might have fallen from the chariot of a frost fairy.

Around the big piece of linen in the center of the room each girl worked on a certain bit of territory that was her own from the time the design was begun until it was completed. Each had cut and pulled threads and was now busy weaving with fine thread the "cross and crown" design, one of the most intricate of the patterns brought so long ago from Spain. At intervals the Señora passed around the room, scrutinizing each bit of linen or lace wheel, just as a master-painter goes about amongst his pupils. And it is the same with these workers in thread as among artists. Some there are, who have heavy fingers and lack of taste who never get beyond mediocrity in their work. They can never be employed on the delicate cobwebby handkerchiefs nor can they set together the wheels into collars, dollies or other pieces that require a delicate touch. These workers in thread have need, too, of the keenest eyesight and after forty few women can weave to-

gether the more delicate threads. Many tales are told of women who have gone blind while working over some exquisitely fine bit, sacrificing their sight for a few dollars, but these are mostly the fables of tourists who see the ravages of ophthalmia and mistake them for the results of the fine needlework.

They were bumping along the streets to their train when the Mother looked toward the Girl. "You've got an awfully dirty face," she said. The Capitalist was just preparing to throw into the night some malformed lace wheels that he had bought in the last hour from a decrepit billiard marker, while the Tourist was pondering on the malign destiny that had caused him to buy seventeen women's handkerchiefs from an aged cargador, but both looked across at the Girl. Her face was undeniably smudged. "Your bath was not a suc—" the Capitalist began.

The Girl gave him a wild look. "We forgot the baths!" she cried.

"And the water that comes up through the golden sand like warm champagne—do you mean to say you forgot all that?" the Capitalist jeered.

The Girl could only exchange a shame-faced smile with the Mother, while the Capitalist took the opportunity, undetected, to hurl far into the blackness of night his bundle of deformed lace wheels, while the Strenuous Tourist breathed a sigh of relief as he buried, unseen, seventeen women's handkerchiefs in his suit case.

## His Prudence.

"You seem to have no ambition," asserted the strenuous one.

"But I have," said the indolent man; "I intend to be rich."

"Then why don't you work—like Brown, for instance?"

"Ah," said the indolent man, "I've had my eye on him for some time. Good fellow, Brown. I like to see him piling wealth up. He's working for me."

"Working for you?"

"Yes; he's killing himself making a fortune, and I plan to get it by marrying his widow."

## Potato Acreage in Germany.

In Germany 158 acres for every 1,000 of the population are planted with potatoes—almost five times as much as in the United States.

# In Praise of Pie

Why in it no one ever tries To learn who 'twas invented pie? What woman, beautiful and just, First rolled, and pinched, and cut the crust, And, to alleviate distress, Filled it with pungent happiness?

First, there is juicy apple pie—For this did Father Adam sigh, It was no apples, red and sweet, That led astray his halting feet—It must have been an apple pie That loomed before his longing eye, Such pie—such apple pie, forsooth, As folks remember from their youth—A pie with pinked and crumpled edge, Each slice of which would make a wedge To fetch one's good intent up—From any clutch on mind or heart; It is no wonder, after all, That Adam was inclined to fall.

Then, there are chicken pie, and lamb, And oyster, mutton, veal-and-ham,

And currant and gooseberry pie, Blackberry, prune and cherry pie, Peach, plum and sweet potato pie—Say, ever eat tomato pie? Tomato pie! Almost unknown, Yet it deserves a pastrical throne, For when it glows aright we see The purple robe of royalty; And, oh, the taste and tang of it When by a hungry human bit!

Such stuff as dreams, aye, dreams like these: That comets are the bits of cheese And all the planets in the sky, And little stars, are luscious pie; Our hearts in gladness to immerse By eating through the universe! Oh, one should never criticize The sober souls who scoff at pies, Whose views of pie are dark and grim, For they leave so much pie for him! Come, build a tablet; set it high: "To Him or Her Who First Made Pie." O Pie, O my!

—Chicago Tribune.

## QUEER CUSTOMS IN JAPAN.

Use the Things They Sell Without Knowing the Reason Why.

Japanese ladies have been known to do without stockings to maintain the harmony between beautiful French slippers and magnificent French evening dresses. I have been served by a Japanese hostess who did without everything he did not supply himself—he had a shirt, a collar and tie and scarf pin and studs, but no trousers. And the effect of their absence was heightened by his wearing braces because he sold them.

The Japanese do not kiss. If a Japanese girl knows how to kiss it shows the work of a foreign instructor; she does it as an accomplishment,

not as an enjoyment. The Japanese have no pens and ink, but they make a very good shift with a painting brush. The Japanese houses have no chimneys and you are never warm enough until the house catches fire. The Japanese have beef and no mutton; the Chinese have mutton and no beef. Japanese bells, like Japanese belles, have no tongues; Japanese snakes have no poison; Japanese music has no harmony. The Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet, but a selection of seventy useful ideograms to dispense with the 30,000 in ordinary use by the Chinese.—Queer Things About Japan.

## HOW MEN MAY LIVE LONG.

Goldwin Smith Tells the Secret of His Youthfulness and Vigor.

Goldwin Smith, the famous historian, educator, journalist and essayist, who is the literary life of Canada, has brought out a good deal of comment on the problem of old age, with mental and physical soundness, by his own opinion of the influences which have helped him celebrate his 80th birthday in good health and able to do brilliant and valuable work in his chosen field of labor.

Prof. Smith thinks that he owes much to his freedom from hard tasks, in school or otherwise, when a boy. He was a sickly child and his chance of even average length of days seemed poor. But he was allowed much freedom in boyhood, to roam the fields and play instead of sticking closely to books or taxing his mind severely. It is hardly necessary to say that Goldwin Smith was still a young lad, however, when he began to work zealously in school, and at Eton and in the university he was a brilliant student. Another point he makes much of is his lifelong habit of working in the early morning rather than late at night, and getting sleep in the hours of darkness, nature's time for rest. He also testifies to his constant care as to outdoor exercise and his moderation in eating and drinking.

## Used Ink as a Pain-Killer.

When an ambulance surgeon in responding to a hurry call finds his patient to be suffering from burns or scalds he is apt to use anything, from molasses to flour, to cover the wounds and prevent the air from reaching them. This practice was followed by a woman in a railway station the other day when a small child who was playing around the waiting room accidentally sat down on a hot steam pipe. The little one was so frightened that in trying to stand up she slipped and fell back again, this time becoming wedged between the wall and the hot pipe. The child's screams brought the mother to the scene at once. Picking the little girl up, she turned her across her lap, loosened her clothes, and then, taking a bottle of writing fluid from her satchel, emptied it over the scorched flesh. In a moment the child stopped screaming and soon was playing around as lively as ever. The writing fluid in itself was not a curative. It simply prevented the air from getting at the burns. The whole thing was interesting as an illustration of the woman's presence of mind.—New York Press.

## "Rapping" a Snorer.

Representative Frank E. Shober of New York city says he has learned of a sure way to stop an obnoxious snorer. Going to Washington recently on the night train everybody was annoyed by a man who had a snore like a foghorn.

"Get a clothespin!" "Muzzle him!" and other cries came now and then from sufferers. Mr. Shober was about to ask the porter to suppress the snorer when the man in the opposite berth said:

"Wait a moment. I'll fix him."

He reached under the berth and pulled out a shoe. With it he gave two sharp raps on the wall of the car.

The snorer rolled over, yawned and became quiet.

"Never knew it to fail," said the stranger as he put back the shoe and drew the curtains of his berth.

## OLD, BUT EVER NEW.

VENERABLE JOKE TALKS OF REINCARNATION.

Nothing New in the Theory as Far as This Laughter-Inducer Was Concerned—On Earth in Many Disguises and at Many Times.

"Metempsychosis?" said the Old Joke, as he deftly placed another pill in his pipe. "Why, of course! Old story to me, I assure you. Transmigration of souls an everyday occurrence. And as for reincarnation—why, bless you, my boy, I have been coming back to earth for many centuries, and in as many different forms as those of the animals that Noah—not old Noah, from my point of view, believe me!—had in his ark."

"I tell you, my boy, these Theosophists have got the right idea about it. We die but to live again. We make our little brief appearance on the stage of life and then we vanish, only to return in some new guise—our astral body the same, our terrestrial form the only thing changed about us. And sometimes that is not changed as much as might be wished. I have worn many guises in my day. Heigh, ho! It wears me to begin to think of them all. There was the time when Adam cracked his sides with laughter. He had sprung me upon his better half, and Eve—well, Eve was a woman of exceeding politeness (as evidence her courtesy to the Serpent), and she did her very best to smile at me, although I am fully convinced she did not see my point at all."

"The next time I remember to have come to earth was in the Land of Nod. That was about nine thousand years ago, as nearly as I can recollect. It caused a great sensation among the simple Noddites when I was suddenly sprung upon them as a New Thing. If I recollect aright, I was printed then in the newspapers of the time, and the reporters were kind enough to write 'Laughter' in brackets after me, so as to make sure that the inhabitants would appreciate me at my chachinatory worth."

"Life is too short for me to attempt to rehearse my various reincarnations since then. I have appeared in comic opera and tragedy; have graced the minstrel stage, and appeared suddenly in the pulpit as a Racy Bon Mot. I have traveled all over the civilized world as a Newspaper Joke. I have been illustrated and set to music; have helped to make the fortunes of several comedians and the reputations of numerous after dinner speakers. And last night—will you believe it?—one of the best known and most original—"

"Hello!" said the Old Joke, sadly. "My pipe has gone out and I have not another pill in the box. I shall die if I cannot get a smoke—I know I shall. But never mind! I shall soon come back again in some new form, and the suffering public will accept me as the latest and newest thing in Jokes!"—New York Herald.

## She Knew Them.

"Girls are certainly past all understanding," said the big athletic fellow to his pretty companion. "Here you make all sorts of a fuss over tobacco, while other girls of my acquaintance request me to blow smoke into their hair. Yes, they do; but goodness knows what for. They say they like to have the odor of tobacco clinging in their tresses. I must say I can't agree with them. A good fresh cigar is one thing, but the odor of stale tobacco smoke is another. Sometimes I've thought that maybe the tobacco did something to the hair, gave it life, put a glint of gold into it, made it more luxuriant, or something. Otherwise why should they insist that I puff a lot of smoke on them?"

The pretty girl smiled knowingly. "Did you ever think," she asked, "that the odor of stale tobacco about a woman might lead her friends to believe that she had many masculine callers?"

The athletic fellow looked at her admiringly. "It takes a woman to understand a woman," he said.

## What He Wanted.

He entered the lawyer's office after the manner of the meek and mild. His eyes were cast to the floor, his mien was bashful.

"Are you the lawyer?" he asked of—call him Smith.

"I am," said Smith.

"I want advice," said the wanderer. "I am in love with a certain young woman. I love her very much, and mean to marry her. She is engaged to me. But I am afraid she thinks more of another man. I want to call on her the other evening, and disturbed her as this other man was kissing her."

"That's rather an interesting state of things," suggested Smith. "But what can I do for you? I cannot advise you in any respect regarding this man. Judging by what you tell me, your marriage with this young woman is something that will not happen."

"Couldn't I—couldn't you—can't it possible for me to have an injunction served against this man?"

Smith tried to figure it out.—New York Times.

## The Kiss in the Cup.

There is no gladness in the glass Unless thou pour for me; But taste it first before it pass And I will drink with thee. For if those lovely lips of thine Have breathed upon the brim I swear that I will drain the wine, Although it reach the rim.

Oh, who could bear to say thee nay, When thou hast kissed the cup? Or who would turn the other way When thou hast filled it up? For, oh, the cup has kept the kiss And carries me a share, To show me all the wasted bliss Thy lips have lavished there.

—Lance Mink Lodge.